









The Boston Publicist publishes a paragraph stating that M. Libri, Minister of the Interior and a Professor of the University, and a strenuous supporter of Garibaldi, the ex-Minister of France, has been elected to the Chamber of Deputies. The paper also contains a paragraph stating that M. Libri, Minister of the Interior and a Professor of the University, and a strenuous supporter of Garibaldi, the ex-Minister of France, has been elected to the Chamber of Deputies.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser, April 20th. Arrival of the American. (CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.) Presentation of the Petition. which took place shortly before three o'clock.

On the 19th inst., three cars laden with meat from Illinois to Oxford, was attacked at a village called Chalky, by about 100 persons, principally negroes, who were armed with clubs and stones. The cars were looted and the meat was scattered about the place.

Further News from the Republic. The English House of Commons have passed the bill for the relief of the Irish, which was introduced by Mr. Stansfeld, and which was supported by Mr. Stansfeld.

Great Fire at St. Louis—Four Steamers Destroyed. St. Louis, May 9. A fire occurred last night about 2 A.M., at the city wharf, by which four steamers were consumed. The steamer Light, valued at \$6,000, and insured for \$2,000, was the first to be destroyed.

WEATHER AND RIVER. The weather has been generally favorable to navigation, and the river is in the best of order. The water is high, and the current is strong.



# LITERARY EXAMINER.

BY CHARLES HACKETT.

Mighty river, oh! mighty river,  
Rolling in ebb and flow forever  
Through the city so vast and old;  
Through massive bridges—by domes and  
spires,  
Crowned with the smoke of a myriad fires:  
City of majestic towers and gold;  
Thou lovest to float on thy waters dull  
The white-winged flocks so beautiful,  
And the stately steamers passing along,  
Wind-defying, and swift and strong.  
Thou lovest them all thy motherly breast,  
Laden with riches, at trade's behest;  
Domestic trade, whose wine and corn  
Stock the garner and fill the barn,  
Who give us luxury, joy, and pleasure,  
Stations, amuse, out of measure—  
Thou art a rich and mighty river,  
Rolling in ebb and flow forever.

Doleful river, oh! doleful river,  
Pale on thy breast the moonbeams quiver,  
Through the city so drear and cold—  
City of sorrow, hard to be bold;  
Of guilt, injustice, and despair—  
City of miseries untold;  
Thou hidest below, in thy treacherous waters,  
The death-cold form of Beauty's daughter;  
The corpse pale of the young and modest;  
Of the old woman whom her godless mad-  
mothers of babes that cannot know  
The sire that left them to their woe—  
Whom fortune, and not their mother's love,  
The race of passion, and the undue;  
Thou takest them all in thy careless wave,  
Thou givest them all a ready grave;  
Thou art a black and doleful river,  
Rolling in ebb and flow forever.

In ebb and flow forever and over—  
Who rolls the world that murky river,  
So rolls the tide, above and below;  
Above, the power impels his boat;  
Below, with the current the dead men float:  
The waves may smile in the sunny glow,  
While above, in the glitter, and pomp, and  
glare,  
The flag of the vessels flies the air;  
But below, in the silent under-tide,  
The waters vomit a wreath that died;  
Above, the sound of the music swells;  
From the passing ship, from the city bell;  
From below, there cometh a gurgling breath,  
As the desperate diver yields to death;  
Above and below the waters go;  
Bearing their burden of joy or woe;  
Rolling along, thou mighty river,  
In ebb and flow forever and over.

## The Mother.

BY HANS C. ANDERSON.

There sat a mother with a little child.  
She was so downcast, so afraid that it should  
die. It was so pale; the small eyes had  
closed themselves; it drew its breath so  
softly, and now and then with a deep res-  
piration, as if it sighed; and the other look-  
ed still more sorrowfully on the little crea-  
ture.

Then a knocking was heard at the door,  
and in came a poor old man wrapped up as  
in a horse cloth, for it was warm, and he  
needed it, as it was the cold winter season.  
Everything out of doors was covered with  
ice and snow, and the wind blew so that it  
cut the face.

As the old man trembled with cold, and  
the little child slept a moment, the mother  
went and poured some ale into a pint pot,  
and set it on the stove that it might be warm-  
ed for him; the old man sat and rocked the  
cradle, and the mother sat down on a  
chair close by him, looked at her little sick  
child that drew its breath so deep, and raised  
it to his head.

"Do you think that I shall save him?"  
said she. "Our Lord will not take him from  
me!"

And the old man, it was Death himself,  
nodded so strangely, it could just as well  
signify yes as no. And the mother looked  
down in her lap, and the tears ran down  
over her cheeks; her head became so heavy;  
she had not closed her eyes for three days  
and nights; and now she slept, but only  
for a minute, when she started up and trem-  
bled with cold. "What is that?" said she,  
and looked on all sides; but the old man  
was gone, and her little child was gone—  
he had taken it with him; and the old  
clock in the corner burred, and burred;  
the great leaden weight ran down to the floor,  
bump! and then the clock also stood still.

But the poor mother ran out of the house,  
and cried aloud for her child.

Out there, in the midst of the snow,  
there sat a woman in a rag, black clothes;  
and she said—"Death has been in my  
chamber, and I saw him hasten away with  
my little child; he goes faster than the wind,  
and he never brings back whom he takes!"

"Oh! only tell me which way he went!"  
said the mother; "tell me the way, and I  
shall find him!"

"I know it!" said the woman in the black  
clothes; "but before I tell it, thou must first  
sing for me all the songs thou hast sung for  
thy child—I am fond of them; I have  
heard them before, I am night; I saw thy  
tears whilst thou sangst at them!"

"I will sing them all!" said the moth-  
er; "but do not stop me now—I may over-  
take him—I may find my child!"

But Night stood still and mute. Then the  
mother wrung her hands, sang and wept,  
and there were many songs, but yet  
many more tears; and then Night said—  
"Go to the right, into the dark pine forest;  
thither I saw Death take his way with thy  
child!"

The roads crossed each other in the  
depths of the forest, and she no longer  
knew whether she should go; then there  
stood a thorn bush, there was neither leaf  
nor flower on it, it was also in the cold  
winter season, and ice-floes hung on the  
branches.

Hast thou not seen Death go past with  
my little child?" said the mother.

"Yes," said the thorn bush; "but I will  
not tell thee which way he took, unless  
thou wilt first warm me up at thy heart. I  
am freezing to death; I shall become a  
lump of ice!"

And she pressed the thorn bush to her  
breast so firmly, that it might be thoroughly  
warmed, and the thorns went right into her  
flesh, and her blood flowed in large drops,  
but the thorn bush shot forth fresh green  
leaves, and there came flowers on it in the  
cold winter night, the heart of the afflicted  
mother was so warm; and the thorn bush  
told her the way she should go.

She then came to a large lake, where  
there was neither ship nor boat. The lake  
was not frozen sufficiently to bear her; nei-  
ther was it open, nor low enough that she  
could wade through it; and across it she  
must go; she would find her child. Then  
she lay down to drink up the lake, and  
that was an impossibility for a human being,  
but the afflicted mother thought that a  
miracle might happen nevertheless.

"Oh, what would I not give to come to  
my child!" said the weeping mother; and  
she wept still more, and her eyes sunk  
down in the depths of the waters, and be-  
came two precious pearls; but the water  
bore her up, as if she sat on a swing, and  
she flew in the rocking waves to the shore  
on the opposite side, where there stood a  
mile broad, strange house, one knew not if  
it was a mountain with forests and caverns,  
or if it were built up; but the poor mother  
could not see it, she had wept her eyes out.

"Where shall I find Death, who took  
away my little child?" said she.

"He has not come here yet!" said the old

grave woman, who was appointed to look  
after Death's great greenhouse! "How have  
you been able to find the way hither? and  
who has helped you?"

"Our Lord has helped me," said she. He  
is merciful, and you will also be so! Where  
shall I find my little child?"

"Nay, I know not," said the woman,  
"and you cannot see! Many flowers and  
trees have withered this night! Death will  
soon come and plant them over again! You  
certainly know that every person has his or  
her life's tree or flower, just as every one  
happens to be settled; they look like other  
plants, but they have pulsations of the heart.  
Children's hearts can also beat; go after  
yours, perhaps you may know your child's;  
but what will you give me, if I tell you  
what you shall do more?"

"I have nothing to give," said the afflicted  
mother, "but I will go to the world's end for  
you."

"Nay, I have nothing to do there," said  
the woman, "but you can give me your long  
black hair; you know yourself that it is  
fine, and that I like! You shall have my  
white hair instead! That's always some-  
thing!"

"Do you demand nothing else?" said she,  
"that will I gladly give you!" And she gave  
her fine black hair, and got the old woman's  
snow-white hair instead.

"So you went into Death's great green-  
house, where flowers and trees grew strange-  
ly into one another. There stood fine hya-  
cintus under glass bells, and there stood  
strong stemmed peonies; there grew water  
plants, some so fresh, others half sick, the  
water snake lay down on them, and black  
crabs pinched their stalks. There stood beau-  
tiful palm trees, oaks and plantains; there  
stood parsley and flowering thyme; every  
tree and every flower had its name; each of  
them was a human life, the human frame  
still lived—one in China and one in Green-  
land—round about in the world. There  
were large trees in small pots, so that they  
stood so stunted in growth, and ready to  
burst the pots; in other places there was a  
little daisy flower in rich mould, with moss  
round about it, and it was so petted and  
nursed. But the distressed mother bent  
down over all the smallest plants, and  
heard within them how the human heart  
beats; and amongst millions she knew her  
child's."

"There it is," cried she, and stretched her  
hand out over a little blue crocus, that hung  
sickly on one side.

"Don't touch the flower!" said the old wa-  
man, "but place yourself here, and when  
Death comes—I expect him every moment;  
do not let him pluck the flower up, but  
threaten him that you will do the same with  
others. Then he will be afraid; he is re-  
sponsible for them to our Lord, and no  
one dares to pluck them up before he gives  
leave."

All at once an icy cold rushed through  
the great hall, and the blind mother knew  
that it was Death that came.

"How hast thou been able to find thy way  
hither?" he asked. "How couldst thou come  
quicker than I?"

"I am a mother," said she.

And Death stretched out his long hand  
towards the little flower, but she held her  
hands tight round his, so fast and yet afraid  
that she should touch one of the leaves—

Then Death blew on her hands, and she  
felt that it was colder than the cold wind,  
and her hands fell down powerless.

"Thou canst not do anything against me,"  
said Death.

"But our Lord can!" said she.

"I only do his bidding," said Death. "I  
am his gardener; I take all his flowers and  
trees, and plant them in the great garden of  
Paradise, in the unknown land; but how  
they grow there, and how it is there, I dare  
not tell thee."

"Give me my child!" said the mother, and  
she wept and prayed. At once she seized  
hold of two beautiful flowers close by; with  
each hand, and cried out to death, "I will  
tear all thy flowers off, for I am in despair!"

"Touch them not," said Death. "Thou  
sayest thou art so unhappy, and now thou  
wilt make another mother equally unhappy."

"Another mother!" said the poor woman,  
and directly let her hold of both the flow-  
ers.

"There, thou hast thine eyes," said Death;  
"I fished them up from the lake, they shone  
so bright; I knew not they were thine."  
Take them again; they are now brighter  
than before; now look down into the deep  
well close by, I shall tell thee the names of  
the two flowers thou wouldst have pulled  
up; and thou wilt see their whole future  
life—their whole human existence; see what  
thou wast about to disturb and destroy."

And she looked down into the well; and  
it was a happiness to see how the one be-  
came a blessing to the world, to see how  
much happiness and joy were felt every-  
where. And she saw the other's life, and  
it was sorrow and distress, horror and wret-  
chedness.

"Both of them are God's will!" said  
Death.

"Which of them is Misfortune's flower,  
and which is that of Happiness?" asked she.

"That I will not tell thee," said Death;  
"but this thou shalt know from me, that thy  
child's fate thou sawst—thy own child's fu-  
ture life!"

Then the mother screamed with terror.  
"Which of them was my child?" Tell it  
me! save the innocent! save my child from  
all that misery! rather take it away! take it  
into God's kingdom! Forget my tears, for-  
get my prayers, and all that I have done!"

"I do not understand thee," said Death.  
"With thou have thy child again, or shall I  
go with it there, where thou dost not know?"

Then the mother wrung her hands, fell  
upon her knees, and prayed to our Lord—  
"Oh, hear me not, when I pray against thy  
will, which is the best! hear me not! hear  
me not!"

And she bowed her head down in her lap,  
and Death took her child, and went with it  
to the unknown land.

The original signature of the Word  
Satire.

The original *satira* (afterwards *satira*,  
like *mazamur*—*amur*) seems to have been,  
somewhat like our *hodge-podge*, a mixture  
of various matters; for we are told that a  
diah heaped up with various fruits and pre-  
sented at the temples of the gods were thus  
named, as also was a kind of pudding or  
sausage in which there were various ingre-  
dients. It is plainly an adjective with the  
substantive suppressed in the ordinary sense.  
From the idea of mixing and blen-  
ding varieties, the name was applied in a  
literary sense to a rude kind of drama (*Liv.*  
vii. 1.) and then Ennius gave it to a col-  
lection of poems in various measures and on  
various subjects. Lucilius afterwards gave  
name to the poems written in that way now  
term the satirical style, in which he casti-  
gated the vices of his contemporaries; for  
his subjects were various and he used a  
diversity of metres. Lucilius, as is well  
known, was the model whom Horace  
sought to emulate.—*Keightley's Satires*  
Gen. of Horace.

## Execution of Beilley.

"His name condemned him. He marched  
to death among the throng of the multi-  
tude. His punishment was no less than a  
protracted assassination. His head bare,  
his hair cut, his hands tied behind his back  
with an enormous cord; his body covered  
only by a shirt, beneath a freezing sky, he  
slowly traversed the quarters of the capital.  
The refuse and scum of Paris, whom he  
had long restrained, appeared to rise and  
precipitate themselves like a torrent upon  
the wheels. The executioners themselves,  
indignant at this outrage, reproached the  
people with their outrages. The populace  
was only the more implacable. The hoarse  
had insisted that the guillotine, generally  
placed at the Place de la Courcours, should  
be that day transported to the Champ-de-  
Mars, that blood might wash out the blood  
upon the ground where it had been shed."

Men who called themselves relations, friends  
or avengers of the victims of the Champ-de-  
Mars, carried a flag in derision, by the side  
of a tumbril, at the end of a pole. They  
dipped it from time to time in the gutter,  
and violently whipped Beilley's face with it.  
Others spat in his face. His features lar-  
geated and soiled with dust and blood, no longer  
presented a human form. Roars of  
laughter and applause encouraged these hor-  
rors. The march, interrupted at stations,  
lasted three hours, arrived at the place of  
execution, there ruined men of wrath made  
Beilley descend from the tumbril, and forced  
him to make on foot the tour of the Champ-de-  
Mars; they ordered him to lick the ground  
upon which the blood of the people had flow-  
ed. Even this expiation did not satisfy  
them. The guillotine had been erected in  
the enclosure itself of the Champ-de-Mars.  
The earth of the fédération appeared to the  
people too sacred to be stained by an execu-  
tion. The executioners were ordered to  
take down the scaffold piece by piece, and  
to reconstruct it close to the banks of the  
Seine, upon a dung heap accumulated from  
the sewers of Paris. The executioners  
were constrained to obey. The machine  
was dismantled. As if to parody the pun-  
ishment of Christ bearing his cross, the mon-  
sters loaded the shoulders of the old man  
with the heavy beams which supported the  
platform of the scaffold. Their blows com-  
bined the condemned to drag himself along  
under this weight. He fainted under his  
burden; coming to himself he arose, and  
shouts of laughter rallied him upon his age  
and infirmities. They made him look on,  
during an hour, at the tardy reconstruction  
of his own scaffold. Rain, mingled with  
snow, inundated his head, and froze his  
limbs. His body trembled with cold. His  
soul was firm. His grave and placid coun-  
tenance preserved its serenity. His impos-  
sible reason passed above this populace,  
and looked beyond them. He tasted mys-  
tery, and did not find it more bitter than  
the hope for which he submitted to it. He  
discouraged calmly with the assistants. One  
of them, seeing him paralyzed with cold,  
said to him, "you tremble, Beilley." "Yes,  
my friend," replied the old man to him,  
"but it is with cold." At last the axe ter-  
minated this scene of protracted cruelty. It  
had lasted five hours. Beilley pitied the  
people, thanked the executioner, and confi-  
ded himself to immortality. Few victims  
ever met with viler executioners, few execu-  
tions were so exalted a victim.—*Lamartine's Gi-  
rondis.*

Execution of Beilley.

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rather than of thought, more elemental than  
intelligence, he was still a statesman, beyond  
any of those who tried to handle and man-  
age men and things in those times of Utopi-  
anism. He was even a greater statesman than  
Mirabeau, if by that appellation we mean  
the man who understands the mecha-  
nism of government independently of its  
ideal; he had political instinct. He had  
drawn from Machiavelli those maxims  
which teach all that power or tyranny may  
effect in States. He knew the vices and  
weaknesses of the people, but not their vir-  
tues. He understood nothing of what forms  
the holiness of governments, for he did not  
see God in men, but merely chance. He  
was one of the admirers of ancient fortune,  
who adored in her the deity of success only.  
He felt his value as a statesman, with the  
greater complacency as democracy was fur-  
ther beneath him. He admired himself as a  
giant among the dwarfs of the people. He  
displayed his superiority as a *patron* of  
genius, and was astonished at himself. He  
crushed others, preclaiming himself to be  
the head of the republic. After having  
crushed popularity, he braved it as a wild  
beast, which he dared to devour him. His  
vice was as bold as his brow. He had push-  
ed political mistrust even to crime in the  
tolerated days of September. He had defied  
renorse, but it overcame him. He was  
beset by it. Blood followed his footsteps.  
A secret horror mingled with the admiration  
he inspired. He felt this, and sought to sepa-  
rate himself from his past. Uncultivated  
in his nature, he had impulses of humanity  
as he had of fury. He had low vices but  
generous passions—in a word, he had a  
heart. This heart in his later days, turned  
to God through sensibility, pity, and love.  
He deserved at the same time curses and  
pity. He was the Colossus of the  
Revolution—the head of gold, bosom of  
flesh, loins of brass, feet of clay. He pro-  
truded, the apex of the Convention appear-  
ed lowered. He had been its clouds, light-  
ning, thunder. In losing him, the moun-  
tain lost its summit.—*Lamartine's Gi-  
rondis.*

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seals come forth to breathe. There the bear  
covers himself up with snow facing the hole,  
and with one paw stretched into the water.  
The Samoyedes, at the same time, practice  
like artifices, for they, as well as the bears,  
conceal themselves near these openings; but  
they let the seals come out upon the ice, and  
then cut off their retreat by shoving a board  
over the hole. About midsummer, when the  
ice on the coast is broken up, white  
bears pass over in great numbers to the main-  
land, where they find nothing to subsist on  
but a few mice. Some remaining on the  
floating ice islands, perhaps, can still pro-  
cure seals. But beyond the Polar circle,  
they all collectively keep a strict fast for a  
season, for they lie motionless, rolled up in  
the snow near the sea shore, from the dis-  
appearance till the return of the sun. The  
black bears, in Kamchatka, experience  
similar vicissitudes, for they too pass, in the  
course of the year, from the indulgence of  
great voracity to the scantiest fare, and then  
fast completely during the winter.—*Ger-  
man's Siberia.*

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